

THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 6

GRADUATION



THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

MAKING HOME PORT

The men of the American Merchant Marine are doing the greatest ocean transport job in history

**ON THE LONG VOYAGE OUT
AND THE LONG VOYAGE HOME...**

where a cigarette counts most...

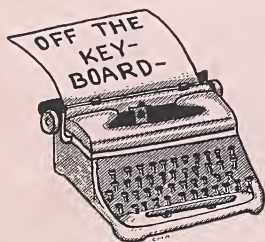
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TRY CHESTERFIELDS TODAY — YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE





MONDAY NIGHT, capped and gowned members of this year's senior class, a class that was once large before the war tore into its ranks to take many of its number, will receive a sheet of paper with printing on it—a symbol of four years of gruelling study, laughter, and worrying—a college degree.

These men have had a hard fight, a struggle under adverse conditions, to get their award. For since September, 1939, the month they first entered college portals to launch themselves on an academic career, a war has been raging on far-flung battlefronts on foreign soil and on distant seas. And although that war has been far away, it has also been close to home; and they as college students have been affected in numerous ways by it.

They have seen food prices rocket skyward, as the price of meals more than doubled in the last four years; they have made sacrifices, small but none the less sacrifices, in response to rationing programs from Washington; many of their number have had to leave them, some of them their closest friends, to take up arms for our country; and they have ground into studies, with minds often on other matters, in order to keep pace with a stepped-up college war program.

They have been affected, but they have come through the test and taken a stand on top. They have earned a college degree.

To the members of the senior class of 1943, those who will march up Monday night and shift their tassels to the left in recognition of having been rewarded for four years of work before leaving for the armed forces, seminary, or medical or dental school, this, the final number of the 1942-43 Wake Forest Student, is respectfully dedicated.

The Student

of Wake Forest College



VOLUME LIX

NUMBER 6

APRIL 1943

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In This Issue

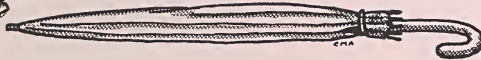
Strictly Incidental	2
<i>Timely bits of campus lore</i>	
A Railroadin' Man.....	Elizabeth Jones 3
<i>Fifty years dealing with the iron horse</i>	
Homer Comes Through	Ed Wilson 4
<i>Twaddle was a man's man and the world knew it</i>	
Ensign of the C-33.....	John Dixon Davis 6
<i>A calm sea, a shaky officer, and a dead body</i>	
Yesterday's Romeos	Betty Stansbury 7
<i>The campus king of yesteryear parted his hair in the middle</i>	
The Seniors Speak.....	Larry Williams 8
<i>STUDENT poll reveals interesting reactions of graduates</i>	

Photography: Jim Middleton

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Strictly Incidental



• As graduation rapidly nears and the curtain swings to on another school year, THE STUDENT follows tradition with its last issue for the school term in passing out appreciation to those who have made our success, if we have been successful, possible. We express our thanks to our staff of contributors who have responded to urgent pleas for copy and stood ready when they were needed, despite the beckoning call of many other activities; to faculty advisers Dr. Folk and Dr. Jones, who have lent us invaluable aid and advice in solving many problems constantly arising with the preparation of each issue; to our advertisers who have, by splendid coöperation, helped us to make ends meet in a war year.

And finally, we say many thanks to that group of men behind the scenes who make the machinery click and the wheels turn—the personnel of our printers, Edwards & Broughton Company. To name a few: technical adviser Johnny Minter, E&B leg-man; proofreader Hofmeister, shop foreman Barber; typesetters Padgett and Averette, make-up men Barrow and Finch, and the rest of the company who have given aid.

To these people—contributors, advisers, advertisers, printers — who have made our six issues this year possible, THE STUDENT takes this opportunity to express its appreciation.

• *Hard-luck story of the year* is the saga of wide-eyed John Johnson McMillan's trip to Wilmington with the itinerant seven-man college octet last week. J. J., who holds down second tenor and who reputedly bles out louder than any other man in the group, experienced two firsts on the trip. It was the first jaunt he had had opportunity



to make with the choral group since becoming a member several weeks ago when Dean Willis left for the army. And it was the first time he had been muted in all of his Chinese and American life by laryngitis. Music Director Thane McDonald was in an embarrassing spot. It was bad enough to have just a seven-man octet, much less six. Poor J. J. must stand up and put on a good fake anyhow. So, silent, John Johnson stood with the group, wobbled head, and worked jaws up and down with gusto, while octeter Bob Holt sang three parts to all songs.

• THE STUDENT welcomes for a brief visit to its staff this last issue, IRC president Larry Williams, who made his first and final contribution to a Wake Forest publication with the poll of opinion of senior class members found on pages 8-9-10 of this issue. Our gratitude goes to Larry for an excellent coverage of the job, contacting 90 out of 100 members of the class of '43 in his spare time of two days.



• From our orchids-to-you department this issue, bouquets go out to "Buster" of Shorty's place, who has been constantly on the double since the boss was carried to the hospital several weeks ago. From morning hours till late at night he's been whirling back and forth behind the loaded counter, popping caps off soft drink bottles, slinging out hamburgers and steak sandwiches, and ringing the cash register. The lights don't burn quite as late at Shorty's now, and probably won't till the short man himself returns, but the hamburgers still retain a customary Grade A flavor.

• The female element has done mighty well in extra-curricular activities in this, virtually their first year at Wake Forest College. They have taken prominent roles in



dramatics, music, forensics, student government, and a very active part in publications. THE STUDENT is indebted to several lassies for contributions this year, one of whom has been elected to edit this publication for 1943-44—hard working, dependable Lib Jones, who takes over the reins after this issue. Giving credit where it is due, we gladly turn over the editor's chair to Lib, anxiously looking forward to her issues next year, which we feel will be a credit to Wake Forest College publications and the feminine element on our campus.

• Interesting were the results of a question in the senior poll of this issue on the selection of a blackout queen. Because of the nature of the other questions this was not included in the write-up. The results are passed on here. When asked "If the opportunity should present itself, whom had you rather be with in a blackout?" seniors bared fangs, licked chops and by a safe majority over any other candidate chose charming junior co-ed, Betty Stansbury, in preference to sweater girl Lana Turner, lovely limbed Betty Grable, honeyed Hedy Lamarr, and other cinema bombshells. Turner put up a good race, but Stansbury polled the heavier vote. Three most striking comments found scrawled on ballot sheets were: "I don't like blackouts!" "With J. D. Rockefeller—with my hand on his wallet!" and "Betty Stansbury! Wow!"

• Paratrooper-writer Seavy A. Carroll, author of "To Jump or Not to (Continued on page 16)

A Railroadin' Man

For the Past Fifty Years, Mr. Jesse Reid,
Amiable Station Agent, Has Seen Wake
Forest and the Seaboard Railway Grow

By ELIZABETH JONES

TWO LOOK at Mr. Jesse Reid you wouldn't think him old enough to have served as station agent on the Seaboard Railway for so long. But the railroad gave him a pin this year. It has a diamond in the center, and the inscription says SEABOARD RAILWAY—SERVICE 50 YEARS.

For more than half of that time Mr. Reid has been station agent at Wake Forest, and he has come to be one of the most familiar figures in town. Most often he may be seen in his office, sitting at the battered desk stuffed with papers of various kinds. His hat is always set jauntily on the back of his head. His blue eyes twinkle from behind horn-rimmed glasses. And Mr. Reid finds time to put a flower in his button hole to match the handkerchief in his pocket.

Mr. Reid's office is typical of a small town railway. The furniture is dark and ancient. And the desks, table, and a file are stuffed with papers. Tacked to the walls are eight calendars with pictures of children, pretty girls and a railroad porter. A rickety little wood stove squats in the center of the room.

Tacked to his desk are the picture of his grandson in Greensboro with a football and two poems clipped from yellow newspapers. One is entitled LITTLE THINGS and the other, YOUR JOB.

"Your job is important—don't think it is not—

So try hard to give it the best that you've got!

And don't think ever you're of little account—

Remember, you're part of the total amount.

If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there—

So, always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.

A digger of ditches, mechanic or clerk—

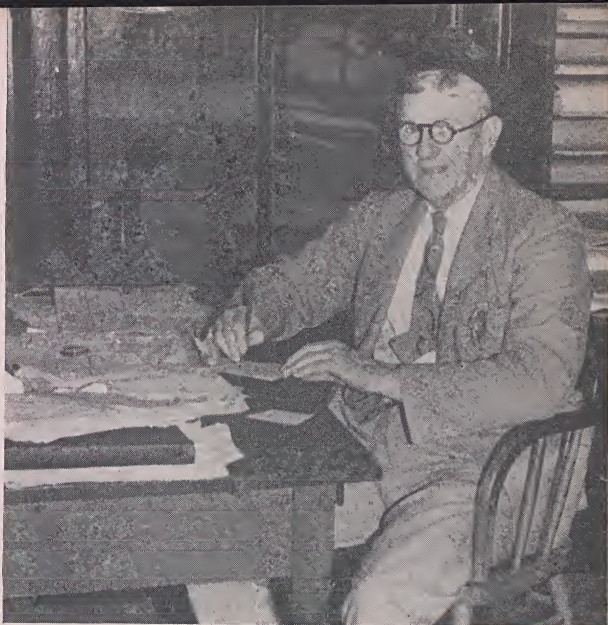
THINK WELL OF YOUR COMPANY, YOUR-
SELF AND YOUR WORK."

That poem somehow reminds one of Mr. Reid himself. For half a century now, he's worked at the same job. And he likes it. Of course he could have retired at the end of 30 years, but Mr. Reid says he doesn't want to stop.

His home was in Kittrell. When he was about 16, in 1888, he came to Wake Forest College for a year. During that year he studied Latin, math and English and was a member of the Euzelian Literary Society.

Wake Forest, with Charles E. Taylor as president, was making many improvements at that time. The number of professors had increased to nine, with two assistant professors. It was Dr. Sledd's first year as professor. Dr. Paschal came as a student the next year.

The student body was composed of 218 young men, 198 of whom were from North Carolina. The three classes



Station Agent Reid

The railroad gave him a pin.

were Junior, Intermediate and Senior. Math, philosophy and political science, Greek, English, natural history, Latin, physics, chemistry and modern languages were the subjects taught. Two passenger trains ran between Wake Forest and Raleigh.

Four buildings were on the campus then. The administration building stood where Wait Hall is now. It was a large, plain structure. In the north and south ends were bedrooms. The chapel and lecture rooms were in the central portion.

Wingate Memorial Hall occupied the place where the new religion building stands. It contained a small chapel and lecture rooms. Both of these structures were burned.

The library was here then. The society halls were in it. And Lea laboratory was just completed in that year.

Three years later Mr. Reid became station agent at Kittrell. That work runs in his family. His uncle was the first station agent Wake Forest ever had. When the station was moved from Forestville, his uncle, who was agent there, came along, too.

It was in 1915 that Mr. Reid moved to Wake Forest. At that time there were four passenger trains running between here and Raleigh. You could leave for Raleigh at 10:10 or 3:20. From Raleigh one train arrived at 12:25, and the other, the Shoofty, anywhere between six and nine. The college boys used to prefer to catch rides on freights to go to the city, however.

By 1915 there were 500 students here. And the gymnasium, now the social science building, the alumni building, the infirmary, the church, and Hunter dormitory had been added.

The catalogue stated that "The town and surrounding neighborhood are as free from bad influences as any in the country. The proximity of the college to the capital of the

(Continued on page 11)

Homer Comes Through

Only One Man Dared to Doubt Homer Tweedle,
Campus Idol, As a Leader of Men, and He Found
to His Dismay That His Argument was Hopeless

By ED WILSON

IT WAS WELL-KNOWN on the Strapling campus that HOMER FINLAYSON TWEEDLE was a leader of men. Jim Person, his roommate, knew it for a fact; Prof. Winkle, head of engineering, suspected it; even Dean Dobbs had little doubt about it. And of course HOMER himself was certain of it.

It was really pretty obvious. Every man at Strapling knew HOMER by his first name. It was "Hi'ya HOMER" and "What d'ye say, HOMER?" and "See you, HOMER," all day long. Jim Person swore that even the Negro janitors who swept the college walks bowed every time HOMER passed as if they felt majesty approaching.

Perhaps they too knew that HOMER was president of the senior class, elected by a 71-69 majority over the fraternity caucus candidate. Perhaps they had seen the Who's Who and Phi Beta Kappa keys swinging from his \$2.98 chain. Perhaps from experience they recognized in his careless jaunt the signs of a man who knew what he was doing and knew that he was doing it well.

HOMER had ceased to wonder at all the attention heaped upon him. He was aware that he was looked at and marveled about. He showed it in his nonchalant gait; he showed it in his friendly smile. "Hey, fellers"; "What d'ye say, Charlie; 'George! How're you doin'?"—that was HOMER's way of announcing to the world that he knew everybody else as well as they knew him.

Yes, HOMER was fully assured that he was popular and had a lot of friends. He had been elected president of the senior class. Furthermore, he realized that he had personality; he was intelligent (a Phi Bete); he was athletic (he was first substitute on the basketball team); he was versatile (he was literary society reporter for the newspaper, he had taken the part of a policeman in a murder play the dramatics club had given, he was president of a Sunday school class, he played a trumpet in the college symphony, and he had tried out for debate his freshman year).

What HOMER liked best about all his honors was that he hadn't had to work for them. Somehow his very demeanor had made him the object of everyone's affections, and all sorts of prestige had been thrown upon him. It was taken for granted that HOMER was a campus deity. The mere mention of his name to even the most secluded of all freshmen was enough to bring awe and a few muttered "Ah's" and "Oh's." In church one day, when the chaplain was speaking to a group of young high school boys, he pointed to HOMER and said, "There's a man to model your lives after. He's one of the finest boys I've known."

HOMER smiled inwardly when he heard the many praises bestowed upon his now legendary name. Life had been easy for him. He felt that God was on his side. He had native intelligence, and he gave an impression of having profound, mysterious knowledge that almost scared some of his witless admirers. Consequently, he hadn't had to study hard. He had joined every organization he could, and he had come to know the men in all of them. He had never risen to the top, because he had never really put all of his ability into doing it. Everyone knew that if HOMER really wanted to become president of any group or chairman of any committee, all he had to do was to get himself nominated and he would march right into the position. People had that much respect for him.

But HOMER preferred to remain just one of the boys, and he seldom ever ran. He liked for fellow members to look at him and say, "That HOMER's really a good boy. You wouldn't think that with all his other work he'd have time to come and meet with us, but he's always here. I think it's sorta considerate of him to come."

So it was that HOMER's reputation as a leader was established. It was never questioned. It had been there from the beginning, and he had never had to work to develop it.

And that was also why everyone on the campus knew that beyond the shadow of a doubt HOMER TWEEDLE would be one of the new men taken into Omicron Delta Kappa that night. In fact, most of them were amazed that he hadn't been invited in earlier. But they attributed that to naughty politics. HOMER had beaten the fraternity candidate in the senior class presidency election, and the fraternity men, who composed a majority of ODK, had been too rankled to vote him in. Now, however, the election had been forgotten, and HOMER was sure to be tapped.

HOMER could already feel the weight of an added key to his \$2.98 chain. He could already picture the little circular, five-starred key dangling side by side with his Phi Beta Kappa and his Who's Who keys. He was already prepared to be shocked when the old ODK members came up to him the next morning and congratulated him. Oh, he was ever subtle and wise about those things.



Actually he had little to worry about. Practically the entire membership of ODK had assured him that his election would be a cinch, that if he didn't get in, then nobody else would either. Who had as many points as he? Who had joined as many organizations as he? Who had as many honors as he?

Thus did the honorary leadership fraternity meet that night with the question before them: "Whom shall we take in? HOMER TWEEDLE and what other nine students?" And the already established ODK men felt a tinge of pride that they could be instrumental in bringing such a man as HOMER TWEEDLE into the society. What a thrill it would be for them to inform HOMER of his election! What patronage they might get for being a friend of TWEEDLE!

Naturally, TWEEDLE's name came up first for election. He was at the top of the list. In fact, he was at the top of any list. According to the Constitution, since only nine members were present, one blackball, one dissenting vote, could keep out any man who came up for election. HOMER was, everyone felt sure, to be a unanimous choice for membership. Nobody could have anything against him.

The ballots were cast. They were counted. "Eight votes for. One against," the official tabulator announced.

In a blue sky stormy clouds arose. For a moment the members sat with mouths gaping, not daring to speak lest they disturb the sanctity of the moment. Prof. Winkle's false teeth nearly dropped out, and the hair on Dr. Boodle's toupee stood on end and took a rapid nose dive over his forehead. Dean Dobbs sat silent, then muttered, "Sacrilege."

When the effects of the first shock had passed, the president, swallowing a few times and breathing heavily, called for "further discussion." Every man on the jury except one jumped to his feet in protest. There was to be no beating around the bush. A new vote must be taken. "Surely someone voted by mistake," Professor Winkle stammered. "It's easy to pick up the wrong kind of ballot when you're excited."

Then as if in sudden realization that all was not entirely well, the eight members standing noticed that the ninth ODK was still sitting calmly, not taking part in the hubbub and in fact not even noticing it. And with a oneness of purpose they turned their scornful eyes to him. He was caught like a rat in a trap.

The boy sitting—his name was Larry Reed; he was captain of the baseball team and director of the college dramatics club—returned the gaze for a minute or two. Then he spoke. "I guess I might as well admit. You all know it, anyway. I voted against HOMER. And, frankly, I don't care who knows it. And unless something happens, I'll do the same thing again."

Floored for a second, the other members hesitated to speak. Then one began, and the others took his lead and followed.

"How in the world can you vote against HOMER TWEEDLE? Why, he's a leader if there ever was one. Everybody knows that. Why, just look at his activities. Just look at the boy. Just look at what he's done for Strapling."

"Just what has he done?" Larry returned.

"Why, he's president of the senior class. You ought to know what he's done. They're written out on the board up there. Look at that list. Have you ever seen anything like it?"

"Frankly, no, I haven't ever seen anything like it. I'll confess that. Pardon the expression, Dr. Boodle—but what the hell does it all mean? HOMER's done a lot of things, sure. He's been vice president of everything he could get into. He's piddled at every activity he could get hold of, and I think that must have been everyone on the campus. He's won the respect of the whole student body, not for what's he's done, but for what he makes them think he's done. You see, HOMER's got something—



I don't know what it is—something about his personality, I guess—something that gives everybody who sees him the idea that he's smart and intelligent and a great leader.

"But, when you look at him more closely, you don't see a thing but a myth. He's got the ability; I admit that. He's probably got enough ability to be president of the United States. I don't know. But what I'm driving at, he hasn't shown me he's got it. He's come here, beamed in the luster of his personality, and every man on the campus has become convinced that he's a leader. All this when actually he hasn't led in a single doggone thing. He could have—I don't doubt that—but he's had too easy a time getting what he wants without working to really get down and do the college some good where it counts most."

Larry's little outburst was suddenly halted by the entrance of a late member. The new arrival had apparently caught the last words of Larry's speech and had guessed at the reason for the argument, for the first remark he made was "You don't mean to say that HOMER TWEEDLE has been blackballed, do you?"

In united response, the eight standing members replied haughtily, "Yes. Reed's got a crazy idea that HOMER's not a leader. He must just dislike him. I can't figure it out."

"Well, if it's not too late, I'd like to cast my vote for HOMER. He's the best man in the whole bunch. I'm in favor of quitting for good if we pass HOMER up. And, by the way, now that I'm here to vote, won't two blackballs be required to keep a man out? You know, I'll make ten. And I think the constitution says that. . . ."

"You're right. Let's take another vote. If there are as many as ten present, two blackballs are needed. Let's vote right now."

(Continued on page 12)

Ensign of the C-33

A Young Naval Officer, Lusting for Excitement,
Came Face to Face with a Nazi Sailor on a
Piece of Deckhouse in the Quiet of a Deserted Sea

By JOHN DIXON DAVIS

AS THE SMALL FLEET of patrol boats slid quietly out of an unnamed harbor in the Atlantic, a sturdy young officer, his face yet untanned and eyes clear and sharp, but still lacking that knowing look of the experienced seaman, was standing watch on the bridge of the C-33.

The fog that hung close to the surface of the water was beginning to lift and the sun, a light pink through the low-hanging clouds, began to make its way up into the heavens. It was just another day, thought Ensign Ange, really not much different from those with the early morning reveille that he had experienced for the last 90 days, except that now he rolled out of a real hammock on a real boat and ate his chow in a real galley. No, nothing was essentially changed or different; he still would have to shoot the sun at 12 hours as he had done for so many days in the past. He still would have to say, "Aye, aye, Sir," to his superior officers, and he still had that hate in his heart for those soulless Germans and yellow Japs.

He hadn't lost a relative at Pearl Harbor. In fact, as far as he knew, he didn't even have an acquaintance in Hawaii at the time of the attack. But still he wanted, as he had never wanted anything before, to feel the throat of a Jap or German in the vice-like grip of his powerful hands. He knew he could handle any man that walked, for he had been National Inter-Collegiate Wrestling Champion for three years straight and he would have represented the U. S. in the next Olympic Games if it hadn't been for the war. But now he was just Ensign T. C. Ange, USNR.

Now the fog had lifted and all around the little boat one could see nothing except a clear, slightly rounded

horizon. He sighed heavily and muttered uneasily to himself, as if he didn't trust his ability to navigate or to spot the tell-tale periscope of an enemy sub.

He had wanted to be sent on foreign duty. Being only 21 and only a year out of college, he wanted to see the action that all the men in the service were longing for. He had cursed under his breath when his orders read, "Inshore Patrol Duty." What did this Navy think he was? Some little bookworm shrimp? But there was nothing that he could do about it. Maybe if he showed impatience and daring they would send him across. This was his only hope. He wanted to meet a German or a Jap face to face.

At eight bells the skipper came up and his musings were interrupted.

"Good morning, Sir," Ange greeted in a tone of proud respect.

"Good morning, Ange," said the skipper sternly. "Just opened the orders. We're to proceed to the 75-mile buoy. Convoy's coming through tonight and we're to see that everything is clear in our radius. Set your course South by Southeast."

"Aye, aye, Sir," snapped Ensign Ange, and he proceeded to the deckhouse.

After chow that night, having an hour of leisure before his watch, he went down below and smoked a cigarette. As he watched the smoke curl out through the ventilator, he thought about the folks at home—about Mary, the girl he wanted to marry when this war was over. He thought about the days which seemed only yesterdays, when he had worried about the draft and had had such a hard time getting into the Naval Reserve. He didn't even think once that he was out at sea protecting the coast of the United States or about his dogmatic hate for those boys from across the way who were fighting, as was he, for what they thought was right.

He was startled out of his pensive mood when his watch was called.

"Well," he sighed as he climbed up the companionway, "just four more hours and I'll really get some sleep."

Three hours of his watch were gone, and as he shot the North Star and figured from his charts that two hours more would bring them to the 75 mile buoy, he glanced out the deckhouse window on the starboard side and admired the sparkle on the water from the half moon that was nearly overhead. He put his charts away and was preparing to call the next watch, when he noticed the faint odor of fuel oil smoke. "That's funny," he thought, "the wind was off our starboard

(Continued on page 13)



Yesterday's Romeos

A Little Too Early for Zoot Suits, Campus Flashes of a Few Decades Back Contented Themselves with Middle-parted Hair, Long Starched Collars, and Bow Ties

By BETTY STANBURY

STEP BACK WITH ME for a moment into the days of the not too distant past—back to the days when *The Howler* made its first appearance before the public some forty years ago. Yes, that was when Mother was a little mite of a thing, and Dad was still playing cowboys and Indians.

The Joe College of 1903 liked to play football and baseball, just as the boys of today do. He really didn't care how his hair was combed most of the time, nor was he bothered if that top button on his shirt had been jerked off. That's why his mother probably smiled inwardly when she saw her son's solemn face peering at her from the pages of the first Wake Forest College annual. His hair was parted in the middle and carefully slicked down on both sides. His black suit and white vest were immaculate, and his large round-edged collar was set off by a perfectly centered black bow tie. There were no individual pictures that year, yet taking each class, club and organization as a whole there was an unmistakable formality, a certain dignity about each student that beguiled the public eye of the typical college boy.

And now let our retrospection take us up to the year 1909. *The Howler* was still howling—just as a new born babe whimpers and cries at the dawn of each new day—yet the faces that stared forth from those time-honored pages were beginning to take on an air of ingrained sophistication. Throughout that year's annual we find the touches of informality that whispered of the fact that *The Howler* staff was becoming inured to its business of typifying the real college student as he lives from day to day. Oh, yes, there was still a bit of stiffness that can be found in any annual of those days—for example, a young fellow in a plain dark or striped suit, still wearing the fashionable bow tie, or perhaps a rather flashy tie neatly pinned down with the old-fashioned tie pin. It was also the vogue to wear derbies. In length the trousers, generally speaking, came to the tops of the shoes which appeared to be mostly of the "hig-top" sort. Speaking of hats, it must have been the fad to own a "pork-pie" as evidenced from the numerous pictures of them throughout.

The year 1911 ushered in the first sponsors in all their glory and splendor. Their eminence was accentuated by their long flowing tresses, usually braided and gracefully pinned on top of their heads. The evening dresses, both

fancy and plain, were mostly off the shoulder, although a few still wore the extremely high necks. The typical freshman appeared in knee britches, and the fashion for bow ties, round collars and derbies had remained unchanged.

Skipping a few more years we come to rest on *The Howler* of 1920, when the nation was still singing "Over There" with breaths of undying patriotism. The men's hair was worn much shorter; in fact there were even

a few "crew cuts" at that time. Their dark coats, which were a bit longer than those of today, were marked by velvet collars, and the vogue had turned to colored, fancy ties. By this time the sponsor section had taken on an air of prominence. The length of their hair had not changed, although the style of wearing it had. A few appeared with long curls hanging down their backs, others had converted to the well-remembered "rats" which were worn on either side of the head, and several had begun to comb their locks more down on the forehead. Remember the high waistlines, the high-top shoes with their numerous buttons, the frilly dresses? Yes, that was the year.

By 1926 the men's clothes in *The Howler* were similar to those of the present day, although a certain number of bow ties were still to be found as well as a few horn-rimmed spectacles. The sponsors had picked up the style set by the famed Irene Castle, that of bobbed hair, spit curls and all. The evening dresses, full or three-quarter length, had short sleeves or none at all, and the round, plain necks had come more into the foreground. Shortening of the street dresses was becoming more apparent, the length now coming to the middle of the calf. The mode for low waists had burst forth, wool stockings were common, as were shoes that strapped.

During the next six years, the men's styles remained intact. For the fashionable young ladies, large ostrich feathered fans had become the thing, as well as long pearls, a fad that the college girl of today has picked up and made so popular. In the 1932 annual, signs of the long, full knickers for men were beginning to step into the limelight. One freshman even wrote that he was looking forward to becoming an illustrious soph mainly so he could wear them—and smoke a pipe!

The year 1937 brought the styles almost to what they

(Continued on page 11)



Yesteryear's Joe College

A certain beguiling dignity . . .

The Seniors Speak . . .

Graduates Show Liberal-minded Outlook at World Problems, Face the Future With a Smile, and Are Ready to Dig into the Present World Conflict

By LARRY WILLIAMS

THE TYPICAL SENIOR of the class of 1943 feels agreeable about entering the service after graduation, believes that the war will last approximately two more years, and plans to be earning between forty and fifty-nine dollars per week ten years from now. He thinks that some sort of new league should be set up after the war to enforce peace upon the world, likes England best among our allies.

He does not favor any sort of limited income after the war nor a third party in the political set-up. He'll take Wendell Willkie for president if the war is over by next election, and will go all out for silver-haired orator Clyde Hoey against "Buncombe Bob" Reynolds for U. S. Senator from North Carolina next year. He believes that coeducation has been beneficial to Wake Forest and that the college will soon open its doors to freshman and sophomore coeds. He thinks that fraternities have done the college a definite good. He attends church weekly.

He would like for his life-mate to have a sense of humor, brains, purity and religious feeling, and is a little skeptical about permitting the sale of alcoholic beverages during wartime. His favorite form of diversion is sports and movies, and occasionally he likes to neck. "Mrs. Miniver" impressed him as the best movie shown in Wake Forest this year, and he believes that the Little Theatre hit top with its production of "Wuthering Heights" in March.

These facts were revealed in a STUDENT survey of the graduating classes of May and August, in which 90 out of a possible 100 seniors were contacted. Results indicate that liberal thought dominated the minds of most students in answering quite a few of the questions. This was possibly influenced to a large degree by the fact that the present world conflict was getting underway in 1939 when present seniors were first packing their bags to leave and begin their college careers, a few of them at Wake Forest, and a good deal of them at other schools. For four years, more especially since December, 1941, we have been affected in many ways by the war.

From the collected opinion of those seniors contacted there are notes of serious determination to serve our country and flag as sailors and soldiers now and as doctors and ministers and in other occupations in a more distant future. Their opinions show that they are up with the times and hold an optimistic outlook toward the days and years that lie ahead, with good income and a secure life in a peaceful world.

The following results show the reactions of senior class members to nineteen different questions which concern them to a large extent. Credit is due *Fortune* magazine for several of the questions used in this poll.

The Senior and His Immediate Future

Results show that a striking number of the class of '43 plan to enter the seminary after graduation. This fact, however, is explained by the effect of the war on the college's enrollment figures this year. Probably no more ministerial students than in the past will be in the graduating classes of May and August, but their large proportionate number to those going into the armed forces is due to their deferred status with Uncle Sam. Twenty-one and one-tenth per cent of the seniors are planning to enter medical or dental schools, do scientific work in some other capacity than armed services, or, in the case of the six coeds voting, enter some other occupation. The reaction of reservists toward entering the armed forces indicate that the majority are either anxious to go or agreeable. No conscientious objectors were listed in the class.

What do you plan to do after graduation from Wake Forest College?

Enter Seminary	24.4%
Navy	22.2
Army	18.9
Medical or Dental School.....	8.9
Marine Corps	6.7
Air Corps (Army or Naval).....	6.7
Others	12.2

If you are planning to enter the service after graduation, how do you feel about it?

Anxious to go.....	32.7%
Agreeable	40.8
Rather have vacation first.....	26.5
Opposed	0.0

Regardless of many statements that have been made in the past six months by several military leaders and news commentators that the war will probably be over in another year of fighting, the senior class holds another opinion. Only a relative few agree with Admiral Halsey, Gabriel Heatter, and others on the optimistic viewpoint of only twelve months more of fighting, and state by a good majority that they see at least two more years of battle before ultimate victory, while a considerable number more pessimistically believe it will take three more years.

Approximately how much longer do you think the war will last?

Six months	0.0%
One year	6.6
Two years	55.6

Three or more years	30.0
Don't know	7.8

The great battle that our cousins, the British, put up when they were standing alone, coupled with the more recent exploits on African soil of Montgomery and his now famous Eighth Army, seems to have brought the English pretty close to members of the senior class, closer than any other of our allies. They feel more friendly to China next to Britain, but despite the heroic defense of Stalingrad and the recent resurging Russian offensive against the Nazi horde, results indicate that members of the class of '43 are not quite ready to climb into bed with the Russian Bear.

Which of our allies do you feel friendliest toward at present?

England	54.4%
China	38.9
Russia	2.2
Don't know	4.5

The Senior and The Post-War World

When the lights come on again and the khaki is replaced by mufti, according to survey results the various professions for which one trains in a liberal arts school will find many new and energetic Wake Forest faces. As evidenced by the results of the first question asked seniors, the ministry will embrace more of the May and August graduates than any other single profession, with business, medicine, law and teaching following closely behind. Other fields seniors plan to enter after the war include journalism, chemistry, physics, drama, and the diplomatic service, and several coeds will content themselves by pursuing a husband.

What do you plan to do after the war?

Ministry	28.6%
Business	18.0
Medicine	13.7
Law	12.6
Teaching	10.2
Other work	16.9

The 1943 Wake Forest graduates are rather optimistic about their weekly income ten years from now, a good number estimating that their earnings will be in the \$5,000 a year bracket. None plan to make under \$20 per week, and only a very few expect as little as \$20 to \$39 weekly.

How much a week do you think you should be earning about ten years from now?

Under \$20 a week	0.0%
\$20 to \$39	5.6
\$40 to \$59	32.0
\$60 to \$79	17.8
\$80 to \$99	10.0
\$100 and over	20.1
No idea	14.5

Whether it be a decided trend toward socialism or a disgust with the bother of filing an income tax return, a surprisingly good number are in favor of limiting the

income of the American wage earner, although the majority feel that a man is entitled to what he can make. The majority of those favoring limitation would stop earnings at the \$49,999 mark.

When the war is over, do you think it would be a good idea or a bad idea for us to have a top limit on the amount of money any one person can get in a year?

Bad idea	53.4%
Good idea	35.5
Don't know	11.1

(If favoring limitation) Roughly, what would be the highest salary you would allow anyone in the country to get?

Under \$10,000	3.1%
\$10,000 to \$24,999	15.7
\$25,000 to \$49,999	46.8
\$50,000 to \$74,999	21.9
Over \$75,000	12.5

To keep up the strong thread running through their outlook for the future, seniors, taking cognizance of the peace made in 1918, are overwhelmingly in favor of a plan for world coöperation to enforce peace after this war. A few of the number like a plan of relative isolation, voting for us to use our influence in organizing the world for peace but form no actual ties with any other country.

As far as America and the rest of the world are concerned, which one of these six policies comes closest to what you would like to see us do when the war is over?

World Coöperation:

Form a new League or association with all the different nations of the world and take an active part in making it work	84.5%
Form a new United States to include in one government all democracies in the world	3.3

Relative Isolation:

Have as little as possible to do with any countries in Europe or Asia, but form a new United States to include in one government all North and South American countries	0.0
Use our influence to try to organize the world for peace, but form no actual ties with any other country	12.2
Stay at home and have just as little as possible to do with any other country	0.0
Don't know	0.0

The Senior and Politics (National and State)

In the question of a president for 1944, assuming that the war should be over then, the seniors, overwhelmingly democratic, exemplify liberal thought in choosing the international-minded Hoosier from Indiana, Wendell Willkie, by a neat majority over Franklin Delano Roosevelt, should he run for a fourth term. A fairly good percentage of the voting goes to Vice President Henry A. Wallace, but little sympathy is found for Thomas E. Dewey. Old-line Republican John Bricker, scores one

vote, while war-hero General Douglas MacArthur and labor leader John L. Lewis are ruled completely out. (Several vile comments were registered on ballots by Lewis's name.)

If the war is over before the next election, which one of these do you think would make the best President in 1944?

Wendell Willkie	43.4%
Franklin Roosevelt	27.8
Henry Wallace	20.0
Thomas Dewey	5.5
John Bricker	1.1
General MacArthur	0.0
John L. Lewis	0.0
Uncertain	2.2

In the matter of state politics, seniors cast the most overwhelming and one-sided vote on any question in favor of ex-Governor Clyde Roark Hoey over isolationist Senator marrying Bob Reynolds in the senatorial race for next year. Ten per cent of the seniors voting on this question live outside of North Carolina, and one class member failed to mark either, stating, "Neither one. I'm a Republican."

Which of the announced candidates from North Carolina to the United States Senate do you now favor in the 1944 election?

Clyde R. Hoey	92.3%
Robert R. Reynolds.....	5.5
Uncertain	2.2

As to favoring a strong third party in the national political set-up, there is a strong lack of enthusiasm, a heavy majority being against it, and quite a few seniors uncertain about its merits.

Are you in favor of a strong third party in the political set-up of the nation today?

No	67.8%
Yes	15.5
Uncertain	16.7

The Senior: His School and Personal Tastes

Approaching issues nearer home, half of the voting males in the class of 1943 think that coeducation has been beneficial to the college, although a somewhat sur-

prisingly heavy number register protest, and quite a few others are uncertain about the matter. The six coeds voting on other questions did not cast ballots on this. Despite the fact that quite a few do not approve of coeducation, an overwhelming majority believe that the college will admit women of freshman and sophomore standing within the next few years.

Do you think that coeducation has been beneficial to Wake Forest?

Yes	50.0%
No	33.3
Uncertain	16.7

Do you think that the college will open its doors to freshman and sophomore coeds within the next few years?

Yes	84.5
No	8.9
Uncertain	6.6

Although there have been many demands for reforms among social fraternities at Wake Forest by many sources, by far the greater majority of seniors, fraternity men and non-fraternity men alike, believe that the Greek-letter lodges have been doing the college a definite good. Thirty-seven and seven-tenths per cent of those voting on this question were fraternity men, one member casting a negative vote on the issue.

Do you think that social fraternities at Wake Forest do the college any definite good?

Yes	78.9%
No	12.3
Uncertain	8.8

It may be contrary to popular opinion, but members of the senior class are good church goers, if results from this poll are indicative. The large majority attend church at least several times during the month, a few attend only monthly, while a fairly large number either go less often than monthly or not at all. Seven and one-tenth per cent of those voting on this question are either away preaching, working on Sunday, or just out of town every week end for some particular cause.

How often do you attend church here?

Weekly	33.4%
Two or three times a month.....	27.4
Monthly	5.9
Less often than monthly.....	23.8
Do not attend church.....	9.5

On a question of preventing the sale of alcoholic beverages in war time, a bare majority of seniors vote to prohibit hard liquor, beer and wines. The ministerial group figures largely in this ballot, but quite a few votes from outside that body register in favor of prohibition. The vote was almost split over the issue, with nearly 50 per cent of the seniors voting against prohibition of any kind, and six undecided about the matter.

Do you think that during the war there should or should not be a law prohibiting the sale of hard liquor; Beer and wines?

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SHORTY'S

No prohibition	45.6%
Prohibit hard liquor only.....	18.9
Prohibit beer and wine, too.....	28.9
Don't know	6.6

The typical senior's life mate will find a sense of humor a necessary qualification for marriage, and in addition must be intelligent, pure, of deep religious feeling, ambitious, and courageous.

Suppose first a person was honest and physically attractive to you, and could have four of these things to an outstanding degree. Which four would you prefer them to have if you were going to marry them?

A sense of humor.....	73.3%
Brains	58.8
Purity	56.6
Religious feeling	47.7
Ambition	45.5
Courage	41.1
Good family	23.3
Tolerance	22.2
Thriftiness	18.8
Money	7.7
Don't know	1.1

As a form of escape or diversion from classrooms and text books, the majority of seniors find it more enjoyable to resort to sports and movies for relaxation, while a few prefer necking to all others on the list. Other forms not listed included bull sessions and trips off for the week end.

What is your favorite form of diversion from the regular routine of college life?

Sports	34.4%
Movies	30.0
Necking	15.6
Reading	5.6
Bridge (or other card games).....	4.4
Dancing	3.3
Others	6.7

The majority of senior choices go along with Academy Award selectors for the motion picture industry in rating "Mrs. Miniver" tops for the year. Cinemas getting notable mention not listed include "How Green Was My Valley" (which, incidentally, did not show here this school year), "Journey for Margaret," "The Black Swan," "Chetniks," "Immortal Sergeant," and "Jackass Mail." One senior did not attend a single movie this year. Overwhelmingly a favorite Little Theatre production among members of the senior class was "Wuthering Heights." Nineteen did not attend any plays, and eight did not vote on the Little Theatre question.

What is the best movie you have seen in Wake Forest this year? The best Little Theatre performance?

Movie:	
"Mrs. Miniver"	48.9%
"Now, Voyager"	29.0
"Keeper of the Flame".....	11.7
Others	10.4

Play:

"Wuthering Heights"	62.0%
"Arsenic and Old Lace".....	10.4
"You Can't Take It With You".....	4.4
Didn't attend any plays.....	23.2

Thus concludes a survey of the mind of the senior class. On questions that vitally affect them now and in later life, they optimistically look through the gloom of war clouds to the sun of opportunity that awaits them in the distant future.



A Railroadin' Man

(Continued from page 3)

State affords many of the advantages, without the distractions and moral dangers, of city life."

And Mr. Reid has kept the same job ever since. It keeps him busy, especially since the army moved in. But he likes it. He's had a son and two daughters to grow up in this town. His youngest son, Jesse, Jr., served as business manager of the *Howler* and graduated from Wake Forest in 1939. He is now assistant superintendent of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest at Winston-Salem.



Yesterday's Romeos

(Continued from page 7)

are today—especially for the men. Sponsors still wore dresses a bit long, although outside of that they were quite modern. They were again turning to long hair, curled or smartly braided.

And with this we now come up to *The Howler* of '43 with all its distinction and greatness. In the years to come we shall glance back through its pages and smile at the sloppy sweaters, the slovenly worn "rain hats," the "zoot suits," the bright plaid shirts, the collegiate brogans. And it, like the ones in the past, will long be remembered, not only for the styles that we, the students of today, have set forth, but also for the pages of men in olive drab and khaki that grimly speak of the dire tragedies of war.

Best of Wishes Seniors



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Homer Comes Through

(Continued from page 5)

The smiling president called for another ballot. The votes were cast and counted. "Nine votes for. One against. TWEEDLE is passed," the official tabulator announced.

Next day the Strapling campus was swarming with the news. "Did you hear about the ODK election last night? Broughton and Hope and Craig and Carpenter and Highfill and Friday and Conley and Earley got in. And of course HOMER TWEEDLE got in. It's a disgrace that he wasn't elected before. What a good fellow he is."

HOMER's face shone with accustomed brightness this morning. His side pocket already felt the extra weight of another gold-plated key. His manners told everyone who

met him, "I'm a leader. Don't you agree?" And the campus with almost complete unanimity agreed.

Spring passed quickly, and graduation loomed for the class of 1943. Most of the seniors who weren't transferring to medical school or to the seminary were entering the Navy, HOMER TWEEDLE among them.

Larry Reed and Jim Person were talking on the campus the afternoon before commencement.

Jim spoke up. "Somebody—I won't say who—told me that you voted against HOMER in the ODK elections. That beats all I've ever heard of, and I don't mind telling you that you really lowered my opinion of you. I thought you had more sense than that."

"Yeah, I got myself in hot water by doing that, didn't I? I don't know exactly why I spoke like that. I don't regret it at all, and I'd do it again, even knowing the consequences. But something told me that HOMER wasn't what he's cracked up to be, and I can't ever go against my conscience. It looks like to me that everything has been handed to him on a silver platter just because he is who he is and just because he's oozing with deceptive friendliness. But maybe I'm wrong; pretty near everybody else at Strapling thinks so."

"Well, I tell you, Larry. I've got a proposition. You know all of us are going to the Naval Reserve School at Notre Dame. You say that Homer has just been lucky to get what he's got here at Strapling. He's good just because he's got sort of a peculiar personality. Well, we both know that the Navy is fair to everybody. Suppose we rest our decision on HOMER by how he gets along in the Navy."

"Okay, Jim, I'm with you on that. We'll wait and see."

The men from Strapling were a tired lot when they reported to the commanding officer at Notre Dame after a final physical checkup. They were so worn out that they scarcely heard the words of the Captain as he swore them into active service.

"Repeat your names after me," Captain Finlayson said.

And down the line they went. "James Franklin Person." "Lawrence Jameson Reed." And others. Then "HOMER FINLAYSON TWEEDLE."

The Captain was calm enough about the whole matter until the name of HOMER FINLAYSON TWEEDLE registered on his mind. Then with a suppressed gulp he almost lost his balance and forgot his oath. Finally,

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though, he managed to regain his self-control and concluded the swearing in.

Immediately after he had shaken the hands of the new trainees, he joyfully bounced over to TWEEDLE. He could no longer restrain his mirth.

"Are you HOMER TWEEDLE from Ossipee, N. C.? Aren't you Jane Finlayson's son?"

"Yes," HOMER replied with an all-knowing look.

"Well, then, I'm your uncle," Captain Finlayson answered.

"Uncle Silas!" HOMER shouted.

"My boy HOMER," the Captain returned.

Larry winked and nudged Jim in the elbow as the rest of the group passed out of the Captain's office, leaving HOMER to chat about his new life in the Navy.



Ensign of the C - 33

(Continued from page 6)

just a minute ago. Certainly was a quick shift." Stepping out of the deckhouse, he froze in his tracks when the gentle blast of the South Wind touched his face. "The wind hasn't changed," he said to himself, as he glanced over his shoulder to see the smoke of his own stack drifting off by him. "That isn't our smoke at all," he thought. He forgot that he was supposed to call the next watch and began scanning the horizon. Perhaps it was a boat and he should signal her. Rushing back into the deckhouse again, he blinked his mast lights three times and peered toward the South, expecting any moment to see an answer to his signal. Instead, a few moments later, he saw a brilliant flash and the report of a deck gun as a geyser of water shot forty feet into the air just off the bow.

"All hands on deck!" he yelled through the voice tube and switched the motors on full.

Turning in the direction of the flash, the little boat, capable of 20 knots, lurched ahead as though possessed with new life.

Again he saw the flash and heard the whistle of a projectile as it tore through the rigging. This time the flash was closer and he thought that he could feel the rush of hot air against his face from the concussion of the gun. Now he could hear voices and above the sound of the motors and shouts of the distant voices

he heard a strong guttural voice boom out, "Achtung!" and a few moments later the sound of another ship's motor was wafted across the water. A few yards ahead he could see the dim outline of a long slim submarine as it began a crash dive.

"Stand by on the depth charges!" yelled Ange. By this time the crew was on deck and the petty officer reported that the skipper would be up in a moment. The sub seemed to slide out of sight and Ange thought for a moment that if he waited to pull the ship's stern around to release the charges, the sub would be out of the way and he wouldn't know if he had gotten it or not.

"Charges 30 feet!" he yelled again. "Stand by for signal!" Just as the conning tower disappeared below

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the surface, Ange changed his mind. Only several yards away from the sub now, he swerved his wheel hard to the port and a few seconds later his bow crashed into the side of the half-submerged submarine. The impact of the collision smashed the depth charge gear on the stern and all eight charges rolled into the sea. Seven-

teen seconds later the first one exploded with a thundering crash and the stern of the C-33 was on top of the geyser of water that shot above the surface of the ocean. Seven more times the silence of the clammy night was split by the thundering crash of 2,100 pounds of TNT and the cries of mangled men.

Dawn found the sea an oily mass of wreckage and corpses. As the sun started its trip across the sky cries of seagulls broke the deathly silence with their piercing screams.

On a piece of the deckhouse of the C-33 Ensign Ange was lying where he had managed to secure himself during the night and had remained unconscious ever since. Slowly his eyes opened and after several minutes of lying there in a half stupor he managed to obtain a half



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sitting position. As he scanned the surrounding sea with eyes that didn't seem to see at all, he saw a lone struggling body in the water. He wanted to yell, but it seemed that he wouldn't be able to, and so he didn't even try. Instead he just tried to paddle toward the fellow in the water.

The arms that were once powerful and sure splashed in the water aimlessly as if guided by one who was mentally and physically deranged. Ange was not insane from the shock, but his nerves were shattered to the last ounce of their reserve, and he didn't seem able to think at all. After much effort he finally was close enough to reach out to take the sailor's arm, when, almost paralyzed, he saw that the arm bore the German Naval Insignia. However, his mind didn't register hate at all but only surprise. He took hold of the fellow's arm as if it were one of his shipmates and he struggled to get the man on the raft with him.

That was all that Ange could remember when he woke again, except that the sun was just coming up when he was last awake, and now the sun was almost on the meridian. "It must be noon," he thought. Then he noticed the fellow before him on the raft, and a chill ran up his spine. His senses were blurred for a short moment and then came to him like the rush of a mighty wind. He reached for his forty-five which he had with him before the torpedoing, hoping if it were still there that it would shoot. He found it in his grasp, and as he pulled it from the holster, he looked first at the gun and then at the German.

"Kill him, kill him," his recovered senses seemed to scream to him.

"No, he is helpless, you can't kill a helpless man," his sense of decency commanded. And through these short moments the German, as if by some premonition, had regained consciousness. And from the first instant when he had opened his eyes he knew what was going on in Ange's mind. Ange took aim and the wounded and helpless German eyes were filled with pleading, begging. His lips quivered and he tried to further his plea with his voice, but to no avail. He just lay there helpless and alone except for another human being driven mad by a hate that he was unable to control.

A shot rang out, shattering the peaceful murmur of the ocean breeze, and drowning out the gentle cries of the strikers as they dived for minnows. A shot, a black hole in the temple, a twitching face, and the German was dead. Ange's first reaction was one of satisfaction as he

inserted his gun in the holster like the villain of some western movie, and the expression on his face was that of a job well done.

The German's body didn't change position after the shot was fired, but remained where it was, and now that look while still pleading was also colored with happiness, and it seemed to Ange that the dead face opposite him was smiling.

For a moment a cold chill swept over him and his throat became dry and he felt weak and exhausted once more.

"What have I done?" he muttered to himself half aloud. And feeling a sudden sweep of damnation, he managed to crawl over to the body. He shook it with all his might, crying aloud and weeping hysterically.

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"You aren't dead, you can't be. The gun couldn't have fired. I haven't killed you. Oh, wake up." As suddenly as Ange had gone over to the body he dropped his hands from the shoulders of the German as if it were something forbidden that he had touched, and he stared at the body, backing away from it slowly at first and then in one sudden movement he was back in his place.

He buried his head in his hands and wept aloud. He would stop in the next instant having reassured himself that what he had done wasn't so, and he would look at the body again and hide his face. Each wave that tossed the raft seemed to engulf them and each scream of a seagull pierce him to the bone.

Ange's mind became the center of a turmoil. He wanted to free himself of a haunting feeling of guilt. He wanted to throw the German overboard, but he couldn't do that. He had tried, but every time he moved to push the body in the water the waves seemed to rise, and he felt he couldn't move. Yet he wanted to get away from the horror of having the face of the man he had killed staring him in the face.

The day was darkening and the sun had almost settled below the horizon when the urge to push the body off the raft came once more. Ange had almost gotten the body to the edge of the raft when he realized with horror that if he did push it into the water he would have to drift alone all night, and loneliness dominated his thinking. Even if the man were dead he would be company for him. Ange moved back to his side and for the first time since the wreck he felt the pangs of

hunger and maddening thirst. When the sun was down he settled himself as comfortably as possible and slept like a baby.

At the first rays of the dawn Ange was startled from his sleep by what he thought was a sound. He scanned the horizon, turning his head weakly in every possible direction so that he might hear the sound of the motor that he had thought he had heard. Far to the South he saw a smudge that soon took the shape of a boat, and he was filled with new life. He now became conscious of the body and of the faint but distinct odor of putrefaction, and his face registered disgust.

"I don't need you any more," he said to the corpse and with his last ounce of energy pushed it into the sea. It didn't splash or make any noise, but just slid into the cold blue waters of the Atlantic. Ange collapsed. In another hour he was on the patrol boat that he had seen earlier in the day, and he was on his way to port.

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the orphans.

On a quiz given recently one of the questions was: "Name two ancient sports." A freshman wrote: "Anthony and Cleopatra." —*Ohio Sundial*.

"I guess I'll cut this dance," said the surgeon as he applied the anesthetic to the St. Vitus patient.

Strictly Incidental

(Continued from page 2)

"Jump" in the February *STUDENT*, went another step in writing from his work last month with the publication of an article in *Para-Dice*, literary-humor magazine of the 506th Parachute Infantry. Jumper Carroll penned an article on the *Capt. John P. Graham* and his writing of the skymen's tune, "Song of the Paratroops."

• *It matters not what clime or place,*
Wake Forest men manage to bump into each other in some way. Latest meeting we've heard of was Jack Donnell and Sam Behrends, members of PiKA fraternity, who were both here first semester. It seems that both went into the army early in the semester, Sam from Wilmington, and Jack from Climax. Neither knew of the other's entrance at the time, both chose air corps ground crew as their preferred branch, were startled to find themselves bunking in the same tent, frat brothers and close friends, at an Army Air Corps ground crew training base in Florida.



"—but mother—all he does is sit there
and smoke his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys,
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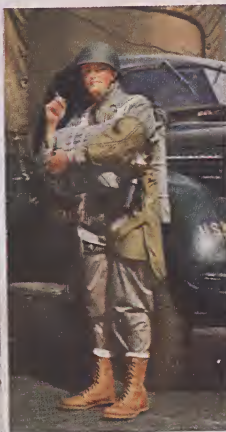
WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA



Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels — they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General behind him—a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U. S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pigboat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

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On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy—an "I'd walk a mile" grin—add 'em all up and you get CAMEL—the fighting man's favorite.



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The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

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